

THE PACIFIC

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THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

The God of love my shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed;
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass;
In both I have the best.

Or, if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame;
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yet, in death's shady, black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
E'en in my enemies' sight!
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

—George Herder.

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ISLAMISM IN AMERICA.

From time to time we see items in the newspapers about efforts being made in the large cities like New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, to start missionary enterprises to convert America to Islamism and of the work in this direction which has already been accomplished. At times it seems surprising that so few missionaries of the Crescent have attempted labors in what might seem to the Turkish and Arabic mind, a fertile field, especially as the tenets of Mohammed are the basis of the faith of between one hundred and two hundred millions of people who hold tenaciously that it is their duty to convert the whole world to the true faith. Many writers have pictured Islamism, as a fast waning faith, a crescent about to be eclipsed by the body of Christianity coming in between it and the sun and snuffing out what little light is possessed. But this is a great mistake. Turkey may be the Sick Man, but the faith does not partake of his disease. The Prophet may be driven out of Europe, but he is setting up his banner among the teeming millions of the Dark Continent, where he is recruiting as many fanatical followers as ever he found among the Tartar tribes of Asia. It is to be remembered that all the negroes of Africa are not like the low inhabitants of Guinea—the natal land of the ancestors of the blacks of America. In Central Africa scores of tribes like the Mokololo and Metabel were found by the first explorers to be in a state of civilization, such as existed in Greece in the Heroic Age. There were walled cities, men found understanding and practicing mining, making and using instruments of iron, having established governments, and embracing a faith, the myths of which remind us of the stories of Homer's Illiad. These men, though black, are tall, stately looking persons, naturally shrewd and intelligent, and if Islamism, as it is trying with all its might, gets a hold here, Christianity will require centuries to dislodge it, and unfortunately for the lack of funds, Christianity is doing but little, and from the awful battles missionary boards have to wage with churches to get the little they do get, the work is likely to be less than now, but Islamism is at hand with its thousands of devotees, its terrible enthu-

siasm, its contempt of death to proclaim in stentorian tones "Great is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." Much of the trouble of England in Egypt and the Soudan has arisen and will likely rise from the agents of this fanatical faith in stirring the passions of devotees against the government of the Gior, utterly detested by those of the "True Faith" who cannot forget the great victories over Christians in the Dark and Middle Ages obtained by Turkish and Mongal conquerors.

The United States is a poor soil for Islamism. Practical, prosy Americans will not be reached by mere eloquence, even if it is drawn from the extravagant imagery of the mellifluous Arabic, and the Koran speaks for itself to any careful, unprejudiced examiner as containing spiritual pabulum of a very attenuated kind, nor will the sensual liberties, which this faith circulates be of any practical utility in a country which furnishes the polygamist, though it may be embraced by some, who could make use of it an excuse, however poor it may be, for infringing the Seventh Commandment. Of course there will be a few who like new fads in religion as in anything else, who will call themselves Mohammedans, but we greatly doubt their genuineness.

It is to be remembered here that on the other, hand, Christians have maintained missions for many years in the various parts of the Turkish Dominions, formerly under many difficulties and through much tribulation, but at length the very government has recognized the benefit conferred by these missions and government officials at the present day are often in attendance at commencement times of Christian institutions of learning, not to spy out as once was the fashion to find something as a basis for condemnation, but furnish encouragement for and even help. Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, missionaries of the American Board at Harpoot, Asia Minor, in the pay of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, in his letters speaks glowingly of the change of sentiment in the last few years among the Turks as to the value and importance of Christian missions.

C. F. F.

BEER.

Formerly beer was made of barley, malt, hops, yeast and water, but we are now informed by brewers themselves that these ingredients, except the water and yeast, are the exceptions, not the rule, but "weal pie is very good ven you knows it isn't cats," as the immortal Sam Weller assures us. We are told that at the present time, corn, starch, glucose, caramel, syrups, saccharin, lupulin and essences (irrespective of their poisonous or non-poisonous nature) are used to give distinctive coloring. Malt beer is almost extinct in America. Lawrence Maxwell, representing the independent brewers, asks, "Why should the government discriminate as to what ingredients should be added to water to constitute beer?" Such discrimination would mean that the entire beer industry would stop. Hardly a brewer in the United States could be found who uses no cereal adjuncts with his barley. The Pure Food Law, as it applies here, is to prohibit in the beers of Interstate Commerce, deleterious elements. Ten years hence, other ingredients may come to be used in beer, as corn now is, but as long as the product is beer, it should so be branded. It is not necessary that every brewer should specify what his beer is made of, and how made."

This is definite enough and is before the beer-drinkers

themselves—Are they willing to drink any kind of decoction, whatever it is, under the euphonious name of beer?

The members of the board of Food and Drug Inspection are puzzling their heads about this question and as several months are to pass before a decision is rendered, there is ample time for brewers to foist on the drinking public many millions of gallons of what even a brewer himself would hesitate to drink, but after all said and done, it is the alcohol produced in the liquid compound that is the chief deleterious thing and it is for this that it is really used as a beverage than for any particular taste or flavor it may have, and whatever the decision may yet be, this ingredient cannot be left out for it is the gentle, soothing intoxication, whatever the sad results may be, caused by the diluted alcohol which constitutes the main attraction.

BIBLE HUMOR.

We are so accustomed to think of the Bible as the Book in which are set forth the most sober and serious, as well as the most important thoughts that can possibly engage the attention of mortals, that we often fail to see the humor with which the Book abounds, and this humor has in every case an important function to perform. It proceeds on the principle that if men cannot be deterred from wrong-doing by argument, they may be by ridicule, and hence, if they cannot be made ashamed of committing wrong they may draw back from it by the fear of being rendered by it ridiculous.

Some of the humor of the Bible is broad, as in the case of the numerous incidents of Samson's life, in Elijah's treatment of the Priests of Baal, in Isaiah's treatment of idol worship generally, but much of it is far more subtle than these.

We have been so long accustomed to think of our Savior as a "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," as a man who was known often to weep and never to laugh, that when we read our Lord's parables and admonitions, we fail to see in them, and yet it often exists in them. Does not the reader see the delicate, subtle humor as a background to the attempt of serving two masters, of offering a scorpion for an egg, of a serpent for a fish. Think of the sly humor in setting forth the camel endeavoring to press through an eye of a needle, of the man who is solicitous to an extreme degree to strain out of the sour wine, an animalcule, while he swallows at one gulp as of no moment, a camel. How ludicrous in the king or general who undertakes war without any information about the enemy he proposes to fight, in the foolish man, who expects his fine house upon the sand to be as safe as the one upon the rock, or the man who, without resources, commences to build his tower only to have it unfinished as a standing monument to his stupidity.

It is well to remember that the Savior, who was a happy guest at the Marriage Feast at Cana of Galilee, at which as we know from Hebrew customs, certain innocent games were played by both old and young and in which it is not at all irreverent to think or believe that the Savior took part, it is well to remember, we say, that that same Son of Man does not frown upon innocent amusements and games, often absolutely needed for the body and soul. Jesus was in all points as we are but yet without sin. Amusement, recreation, humor, fun—all have their appro-

priate places, but let them be consecrated as Christ consecrated them to the will of the Father, for the very health and progress of the spiritual nature and all will be well.

G. F. F.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Germany is just now exhibiting great enterprise in Peru, building railroads in places formerly deemed inaccessible, even continuing roads already built by Americans, besides capturing the lions' share of all the trade, reducing that of the United States to an insignificant amount, and the reason is German trade everywhere from home is marked by close observation of what is needed and desired. Thus has Germany with the Atlantic ocean and the whole width of South America between, invaded the whole coast from the Isthmus of Darien to Cape Horn and driven out almost the whole trade of the United States, and what does this country intend to do about it in view of the approaching time when the Panama Canal ought to bring western South America more in commercial touch with the northern republic?

It is not often that enterprises inaugurated by negroes become such an object lesson to the whites, especially in the south, that these take notice and proceed to imitate, but this is the case in reference to the two great negro educational institutions of the south, Hampton and Tuskegee. For a generation these schools have been giving to the colored race, both male and female, not only scholastic education but training in various crafts and trades, while no such institution as these existed for the whites, and the very cry for just such an institution has been heard, and Messrs. Rockefeller, Sage and Harriman have invested a large sum in a polytechnic school to be established at Raglands, a new town near Birmingham, Alabama. The school is to be modelled after Booker T. Washington's famous institution at Tuskegee. The school, of course, will be for whites alone.

Some nice legal questions have arisen from the recent uscs to which the air is put. A newspaper published a wireless message, caught by a boy. The owner was sued by the sender, but the judge decided that no law existed that makes the interpretation of a wireless message a crime, but we add, it ought to be and law makers must supply the needed statute. A suit for damages still pending was instituted against the Wright brothers in the State of Wisconsin, because a falling biplane at a State Fair struck and seriously injured a woman. Who ought to pay the damages if assessed—the State under whose auspices the Fair was held, the managers of the fair, the operator of the biplane, or the manufacturers of the biplane, or would damages be divided on the ground that in this case none of them were to blame but the frisky little currents of air, that no air-navigator as yet knows how to anticipate?

From the report of the U. S. Dept. of Labor we learn that of 6796 establishments of Labor in the U. S. reporting, there were engaged in 5363 only non-alcohol using workmen, that is 77 per cent of all the establishments. Of these, 1181 belong to mining and quarrying and of these there were required in 668 or 56½ per cent non-alcohol using workmen; 810 belong to agricultural work, and of these there were required in 581 non-alcohol using workmen;

3723 belong to manufacturing establishments, and of these 2940, 79 per cent were entirely manned by non-alcohol using workmen; 535 belong to the trades and here 471 establishments, 88 per cent had no alcohol using man in their employ, and lastly, of the 717 establishments employed in transportation, 703, 98 percent had no alcohol using men in their employ. Trades and Trades Unions can do much, as they are, for temperance.

Up to August 13th, from the beginning of the year, in the United States and Canada, 319 persons have been killed in Railroad accidents and several times this number wounded. Only a few of the many accidents were unavoidable. Some of the avoidable accidents arose from known defective rails which road-workers had delayed a day or two in removing, some from defective rolling stock, some from wrong signals, some from employees advanced before they had been sufficiently trained for their new work. Would it not be best then, as the Federation of Labor demands, that advancement among railroad employees should be by seniority and not by proficiency?

There are now 48 States in the American Union and it is now expected that the U. S. Senate at its next session will stand 52 Republicans and 44 Democrats. At present there are 50 Republicans and 40 Democrats, but one seat in Colorado is vacant and one in Maine and New Mexico and Arizona have been admitted States. The legislatures in all save New Mexico are Democratic, which will insure four new Democratic Senators and two new Republican ones, but there is a bare possibility that New Mexico will elect Democrats in which case the Republicans would have 50 and the Democrats 46, leaving the small majority to the Grand Old Party, so-called, of only 4.

From the number of accidents in aviation, the popular idea is that passage through the air is an exceedingly perilous undertaking, but the truth is that seventy-five per cent of all the accidents so far have been of the preventable type. Of course there is peril, often great peril in meeting unexpected currents and eddies in the upper air and terrible mishaps from these must be expected until the upper air has been better studied and air-navigation itself is better understood, but to the aviators themselves must be placed the responsibility of so many tragedies, for as a nervy set of fellows they fear nothing and take risks of speed, of unusual gyrations and sometimes in machines known to be weak—all to make a name, to have their portraits in newspapers and to be lauded to the sky—if happily they should be fortunate enough to succeed. They take the risks, often against expert advice, and fail.

Another fragment of what is known as Egyptian gospel has been found by the Egyptian Exploration Fund party. The Christian Herald of New York says: "It will prove to be a very important addition to early gospel literature. Here is a quotation: 'A certain Pharisee, named Levi, met them and said to the Savior: "Who gave thee leave to walk in this place of purification and to see these holy vessels, when thou hast not washed yet, not yet have thy disciples washed their feet?" And the Savior straightway stood still with his disciples and answered him, 'Art thou, then, being in this temple, clean?' He said unto him, 'I am clean; for I washed in the pool of David, and having descended by one staircase, I ascended by another, and I put on white garments, and then I came and looked on these holy vessels.' The Saviour answered and said to him, 'No, ye blind

who see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters wherein dogs and swine have been cast days and night. * * * But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of Eternal Life."

It is sometimes amusing to see how two editors looking at the same events can come to entertain exactly opposite views as to the causes or in the case of the actions of some great man, the motive that actuated him. Thus the respective editors of the Grand Revue and the Paris Gaulois, both Roman Catholics, both looking at the acts of Pius X. and yet their respective opinions as to the motives that actuate him are almost diametrically opposite. To the former, Pius X. is an organizer of Catholic parties in various countries but these parties must be under the iron rule of Bishops. The pope is hostile to all concessions to every compromise. He has shown the nations defiance. He is a modern Hildebrand, but he is unable to compel even the Catholic kings to go to "Canossa." Pope Pius is about to close his reign in a flame of theological war, threatening ecclesiastical thunders unheard of for more than a century. The Gaulois informs us that Pius X. is greatly misunderstood, greatly maligned. Whenever he issues an encyclical, he is accused of interfering with some nation. He has been accused of waging war with Alfonso of Spain, but personally he felt no concern for the crisis, knowing all was in God's hands and hence would eventuate for the promotion of Christianity. His whole motive is religious, not political. He wishes to call attention to the Incarnate Son of God, to regenerate the world, not to build up his own power, only as that might enhance the cause he loves.

A GOSPEL CHURCH.

Chas. Edwin Chase.

The supplement to the Fourth Gospel is a beautiful picture, the work of an inspired artist with a composite, transcendent theme, namely, Love, expressed in the harmonious values of faith, of personal devotion, and of service.

To study the picture, to meditate upon its meaning, to absorb its spirit, rejoice in its message, and rest in its comfort, is always a rewarding service of devotion.

In the gray morning a boatload of discouraged disciples approach the shore. In patient cast and fruitless haul they have spent a weary night. Toiling all the way from fall of dusk till break of dawn they have caught nothing. A tragedy of labor, now commonplace, and how much like ordinary life; only in life the night of disappointment often lengthens into whole winters of burdensome discontent.

But the morning, full come, reveals Jesus on the shore, at first, through tired, unrealizing eyes. But at length they know him. That is enough. It is more than reward; it is an overflowing graciousness.

There is a place in the picture where falls a light in the pure violet tints of personal affection. "Do you love me, Simon?" "Master, that I do." There and then is restored the lost discipleship of Peter, beautifully as returns the white-winged dove in homing flight. It is all there in the picture, this dear, sweet lesson for the Christian heart: The best preparation and equipment for a life of service is through a personal love for Jesus, and through the blessed consciousness of sins forgiven.

The picture, furthermore, contains the token of a com-

forting elimination. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" That rightly interests me, but it is not my care, nor should be my curiosity. My own duty and privilege is defined by a personal understanding between my Lord and me. Let the life I live, or the death in which I glorify my God, rest all and alone in His will. So does he feel who looks long and lovingly at the picture on that canvas which we name the twenty-first chapter of the Gospel according to him who at the Holy Supper, leaned on Jesus' breast.

Glen Ellen, Cal.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

Anna Louise Strong, P. H. D.

A personal confession is of value chiefly as it is typical. In this case it is not I alone, but scores of young college students of my immediate acquaintance, and hundreds more of whom I have heard but distantly, who have found a serious stumbling-block to the Christian faith in the so-called doctrine of the Atonement, first formulated by Paul and since reinterpreted and distorted by theologians throughout the centuries. Scores more have accepted the Christian faith and yet have carefully avoided all thought of the death of Christ, finding a question which perplexed them and which for their own peace of soul they hardly dare consider. Still others have definitely formulated the view that the life of Christ is the all-important fact, while his death has no more significance for us than the death of any good man in any century.

Yet, if we face the matter quite frankly, I think we shall find that the death of Christ has a deep significance in revealing the heart of God and the ways of God—and for the purpose of the argument here I care not whether you mean a personal God or the moral order of the universe—a significance which his life alone could not have possessed. A significance, moreover, which, formulated in differing ways by the moods of differing ages, has yet a valuable formulation for our own age.

First then, can it be said in any real way that Christ died "for us"? We will meet many who maintain that it cannot. If Christ had not gone up to Jerusalem, if he had succeeded, as he might have succeeded, in escaping death, if he had given to the world more long years of preaching, we should have been the richer for it. Or even granting that his death, coming at the climax of his ministry, stirred his disciples to otherwise impossible action, yet in no conceivable sense can his death have been said to have been "for us." He knew nothing of us.

Suppose we grant this. And suppose we consider the matter from the human plane only. We find no difficulty in the case of other men in saying they died "for us." Consider the soldiers in the revolutionary war, or in the war for the Union. As far as strict casual sequence goes, they did not die for their country. Their country would have prospered no less, but more, if they had escaped the enemies' bullets. The more American soldiers that escaped death, and the more English soldiers that were killed, the faster, other things being equal, would American liberty come. From the standpoint of a strict casual sequence, it was the death of the English soldiers that won our liberties; it was they who died for us.

The absurd position to which we would be forced shows very clearly one thing. In matters of ideal worth, of ele-

mentary loyalty, the strict casual sequence does not control our judgment. We say that those soldiers died for American liberty, for American union. And in so far as we share the blessing of a free united country, we rejoice to say that they died "for us." We say it on every Memorial Day, on every Fourth of July. For we recognize the mystic truth that ideals live by men dying for them. Not merely by men living for them, great as is the gift of a noble life. Not merely by men being willing to die for them, great as is the enthusiasm of a complete devotion. But by men dying for them.

So in the case of the soldier we say that he died for us. We say this even if he was ignorant of the full meaning of his death, even if he had no vision of the future America, even if he fought carelessly from sheer love of fighting. But in the case of Christ much more than this is true from the human side alone. He saw the vision; he knew the meaning. From the table of the last supper he gazed far down the centuries and saw the coming of the Kingdom of God—the kingdom of which he first brought true knowledge, and for which he was the first sacrifice. If he failed here, if he turned aside from the path that led through a complete and public witness to the truth, then the cause was lost. The cause would be lost even in the hearts of those same disciples who were so stunned by his death. With deep truth he could say to them: "This is my body, broken for you." He died for them, in so far as they were the first servants of the kingdom. And in so far as we share in the joy and the service of the kingdom, he died for us also.

Yet, more than this is true. They who died for America and for us Americans, died for certain great but limited benefits. The ideals of freedom and union do not include all the ideal worth of mankind. Only in a part of our life has their death advantaged us. They "died for us" in a fragmentary way. But the ideal of the Kingdom of God is an all-inclusive ideal. In so far as we have life at all, real life, conquering life, eternal life, we are servants of the kingdom. In so far as we have divine life within us, Christ died for us and for that life.

So much then, one can say from the purely human side, without bringing God into the discussion at all. But if Jesus Christ was a revealing of God to us, the case goes much deeper. And here the argument obtains again whether God be thought as a personal God or as a moral order of the universe, and whether Christ be held to express divine life differently or merely more completely than the rest of mankind.

It is some years since a medical friend revolutionized my view of the death of Christ by pointing out the fact that Christ did not die of the physical effects of the crucifixion. The shortness of the time, commented on by Pilate and others, and the fact that a loud cry was uttered just previous to death, precludes the usual dying by exhaustion. And the mingled blood and water found in the body is a phenomenon denoting a death through extreme mental anguish.

Of what mental anguish then did Christ die? A short survey of his life is all that is necessary. His lament over Jerusalem a short time previous gives a foretaste of the coming suffering. He saw men bound by sin; he saw men rejecting God; he saw men trampling upon the love of the Father. "And ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." Able to help, his help was rejected. Loving men to the uttermost, he was yet compelled to see with the keenest

and most sensitive vision the mad and bitter destruction which men heap up for themselves, refusing the love and the peace and the joy of the Father. Is any sorrow like unto this sorrow?

Is not this anguish the anguish of God himself? Did not Jesus bring to men here a new vision of God, a revealing of the inner heart of the Father, the central fact of the moral order of the world. Nay, it was more than a revelation; it was a power able to save men. The only power, human or divine, that the world has ever found, which is sufficient to save men from evil, is the power of a love that suffers to the uttermost and still loves. No vague religious sentiments of adoration, aroused by the beauty of nature, have this power. No intellectual conception of the righteousness of God has this power. Only as we see the divine life expressed in the form of a man, suffering and dying under the weight of the evil in the world, can we be aroused to a frenzy of devotion which will break through the old self-seeking habits and bring forth enduring service to the kingdom of God. It is such a vision of the suffering of the divine life which is arousing men today to the social struggle on behalf of the meanest of the men in whom God's life is expressed. It was such a vision that the early Christians saw.

Yet there are many to whom the death of Christ has seemed in the past to lack significance unless it could be claimed to have wrought a real change not only on men, but also in the plan and attitude of God. We still find arguments today concerning the effect which the atonement produced on God. Only so, we are told, could justice and love both be satisfied. In earlier days I confess that I had little sympathy with this attitude, but I have found that in a sense even this was historically true.

That the eternal nature of God or of the moral order was changed by the death of Christ we shall probably never again believe. And we are growing justly modest about prying into anything beyond our world of experience. Yet it is at least historically true that at the time when Paul wrote, a man who refused to believe that the heart of God and the central law of the moral order were revealed in the death of Christ, could have no loving and righteous God. He might have the gods of the Greeks, the indifferent and half-believed in Olympians, or he might have the avenging and implacably righteous Jehovah. He could not have a God who was both just and loving.

Only on one supposition could he have a God whose character combined justice and love, a moral order which combined the hope of forgiveness with the hatred of sin. Only if the inner meaning of righteousness were something higher than the ancient vengeance; only if the essential heart of God and of righteousness was a love that suffered unto death for men's sins, and still loved. For those who saw in the death of Christ a vision of God himself, there was possibly a God who combined justice and love without contradiction. For those to whom the death of a divine being was a stumbling-block, and suffering something alien to the divine nature, there was left in so far as they were intellectually consistent, and morally sensitive to their own failures, only an avenging justice.

Our world today is different in its problems. With the view of the immanence of God the idea of divine life suffering through the sins of the world has ceased to have for us the difficulty which it had for the Greek or Jew of Paul's day. We have ceased to identify that idea so exclusively with the physical fact of the death of Jesus, though that was indeed the fact through which this world-revolution-

izing view first came into being. Moreover we concern ourselves less with individual sin and more with social evils and the question of what we as individuals can do to remedy them. In all this there is an advance. And in all this the death of Christ becomes charged for us with deeper meaning. If we think of him as a man who died for a great ideal, then as that ideal becomes more and more potent in the lives of men, in the lives of all of us, more and more deeply may we feel the meaning of the saying: "He died for us." If we go farther and see in the death of Christ the first complete revelation of the heart of God, the inner law of the moral order, in a love suffering on account of sin and overcoming sin through suffering love, has not our own time brought to this view also a deeper meaning? Surely those of our social workers who have gone farthest, who have suffered most and achieved most, realize most deeply that only as we believe that the inner heart of righteousness is love, not vengeance, only as we see that in the intensity of desire and suffering over the evil that is in the world we are not alone, but that God is with us, that we reflect and express in this desire and suffering the heart of the moral universe,—only so shall we gain the vital power to overthrow the evil that is in us and in the world, only so shall we live in the midst of time the life that is all-conquering and eternal.

Seattle, Wash.

THE DOXOLOGY OF FAITH.

H. K. Booth.

Nowhere in all Paul's epistles will be found a more splendid apostrophe to God or a more glorious doxology than in the concluding verses of the 8th chapter of Romans:

"For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

In dealing with the Apostle Paul we are dealing with one of the richest natures known to men. He was not only organizer, missionary, preacher, and theologian of marvelous convincing power in setting forth his conception of the Gospel, but he was a poet also. He had the rich gift of imagination without which men are powerless to fly. Preceding these verses Paul has been arguing the gospel from a logical standpoint, but here he suddenly departs from all logic and soars out into the blue sky on the wings of song. We can almost set the verses to music. They are an expression of Paul's overwhelming joy—a song of the optimism he always sung. How many times they have been repeated at the bedside of the dying, and by the grave, and in hours of sorrow and despair. And they have lifted us out of sorrow and despondency into the realm of joy, for Paul is setting forth here the love of God, a theme so vast that all the singers of the ages cannot express it.

But Paul has at least made an attempt here to express what the love of God in Christ meant to him, and it is something more than a burst of eloquence. He sums up all the things that, in the life of his day, he feels hinder from the full optimism which should be the possession of every Christian heart.

And the first thing he mentions is the fear of death. We all have the physical shrinking from the thought of the

dissolution of the body. There is no normal human being but who dreads and fears death, for we know that to each of us the end of life here will sometime come through death.

But somehow, Paul has found that the love of the Father is never more manifest than in that time of fear, and that it is possible for human lives that live close enough to the father to somehow, little by little, escape that dread, and he has found the secret of it in knowing that though men die they do not die forever. He says not even death can separate us from the love of God, and that death but opens the gate of another and more beautiful world.

From the thought of death he turns to the perplexities of life itself as the second thing that helps to rob us of gladness and joy. When we look about us and see only human life, without any relieving glance at anything beyond, it may seem a sad struggle in which many go down overwhelmed by the burdens of life, and we ask the question—Is it worth while after all? And the thought of one who looks at life from that standpoint is expressed in Ecclesiastes where we read—"Vanities of vanities, all is vanity." But Paul had found this not true of human life, and that even the worst of trials and problems and anxieties were not enough to take away joy and peace, and if any man ever experienced persecution and trouble, and suffering, Paul did.

Yet, here is a man who says—"In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." He found no outward circumstances of life need shake his faith because he knew all things work together for good to them that love God, and that somehow the Christian heart could never be separated from Christ by anything life would ever bring.

The third thing he sees in his time as hindering men from a full possession of Christian power is a very difficult thing to present to modern minds for we do not know what he can mean when he mentions angels and principalities as separating from God. The words in and of themselves give no clue to their real meaning until we understand the literature of the time when we will see these words were the catch words of a philosophy of Paul's day. There had come to be in the time just preceding the coming of Christ a philosophy which removed God out of his world because it is said that all the material life of the world is sinful and that matter is evil, and therefore God, being all spirit, could not come in touch with the world directly. This led to the conception of a great shadow realm between man and God peopled with what were called angels, dominions and principalities, being conceived of as powers from the divine immanence. So Paul is referring to this philosophy which had laid hold upon the minds not only of the heathen world but the Christian world, and could not be escaped any more than we today can escape evolution. It said to the Christians of his time—You do not know about the philosophy of religion. Your God never came down and incarnated himself in Jesus Christ. All the blessed truths Christ had taught of prayer, and fellowship with God, went out of the lives of those who believed that philosophy, and robbed them of the sense of joy in God's love. Today we have the same kind of philosophy from those who say our conception of religion is simple and childish. But Paul says to us—Let not this evil separate you from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

And then Paul speaks of heights and depths not separating us from God by which he may have been thinking of the vastness of the universe. As Paul realized this he might have cried out with the poet—"What is man that

thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!" Yet Paul knew from his own experience that though the world about him seemed great, his own soul was greater and "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." And one of the things today that seeks to rob us of true joy is that scientific thinkers say to us that this little world on which we live is only a speck of star dust, and each of us are only one of millions of human beings on this planet which is itself so small it is lost in the universe. And they say to us—how do you know God's love reaches down to this particular little star and helps you? This is a real difficulty that confronts many a man in his hours of doubt. But Paul declares that a man's soul is so infinitely great that it is greater than the universe; that God did send his son into this world; and God does care for every soul, and neither height or depth need separate us for one moment from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

This then is Paul's message. He tells us none of these things can separate us from that which he knows is the love of God. He had been conscious in all his trials that through the pulse of his own life he could feel the pulsing of the great immortal heart of love. Paul had known the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord so well that looking into the unknown future he could trust and believe nothing in all God's creation, whether it be in this world or the next, should be able for one instant to separate from the great and all-embracing love of his Father. And so when he bursts into his song of praise he is but echoing that most beautiful song of all literature, the song that arose from the heart of a Hebrew poet away back before Paul's day: The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Long Beach, Cal.

MANLINESS IN THE MINISTRY.

By the Rev. James Mudge, D. D.

One recalls with a certain and sad amusement the cynical description, by a Scotchman, of the three latest incumbents of the pulpit in his parish. One, he said, was a minister and not a man; another was a man, and not a minister; while the one then preaching was neither man nor minister. The sharp wit of the comment pleases, but the large amount of truth there is likely to have been in it saddens. It is not pleasant to think how many ministers there are who lack real manliness.

How often this is shown in money matters. Special temptations beset the minister here. Many things combine to sap his strength of mind and his independence in this direction. He has had free education in the Theological Seminary, with perhaps further pecuniary aid from some board. He has become accustomed to regular discounts and special favors in trade or transportation, free tickets to entertainments and even theaters eager for a word of praise from him. He is underpaid and tardily paid. He feels in a measure obliged to get everything free that he possibly can, and thinks probably that it is balanced in the long run by the large amount of benefit he bestows upon the community for which no financial recompense is made him. Nevertheless, it is rather a pity that he should have to do it, and a distinct peril lurks behind the practice. He is forced into

a position that is dangerously near that of a beggar. And he often wishes that he had sufficient funds to stand upon his feet and pay his way in full without asking any one to diminish aught of his legitimate profits. He ought to do this for his own sake as frequently as possible. And as to going about in the community to solicit his own salary, or, what amounts to the same thing, make up deficiencies in the current expenses, the church that will permit that is plainly taking steps to destroy not only their minister's manliness, but their own.

In the management of the parish also the pastor's manliness is tested, and sometimes much impaired. He feels almost compelled to become all things to all men, not that he may save them, but that he may save himself. The importance of tact is impressed upon him at every juncture, and it is very easy for this to degenerate into the slick arts of the wily demagogue, under the smooth names of policy and diplomacy. There may be too much tact, or a tact that comes alarmingly near to insincerity and duplicity. Pulled this way and that, between opposing factions, and striving hard to stand in with both for the sake of peace and harmony, the puzzled and distracted pastor may find himself with no mind of his own, and hardly daring to speak a straightforward, honest word.

In his pulpit ministrations it is much the same. How many there are to please. Intellectual courage and honesty come pretty high, and he is tempted to think that he can scarcely afford much of them. If he falls into the snare of popularity-seeking and watches the "ever-mutable multitude" to take from them his cue instead of getting a message from the Most High, how poor a chance he will have to cultivate virility. He must certainly take a stand here, and absolutely refuse, no matter what the cost, to be anybody's hired man. He is an ambassador from the Kings of Kings. What to him are earthly dignities and magnates, or influential church officials and petty parish perquisites? He must be true not only to himself, but to his Divine Master, with resolute self-respect and an honor held high above the reach of soilure.

The minister's manliness is menaced also by the adulation to which he subjected. He will be flattered by certain people. Associating, as he must a good deal of the time, with those who naturally look up to him and accept whatever he says as just about right, he is very apt to imagine himself something more than common, entitled to adopt a different standard from that which is exacted of others and to plead his position in excuse for self-indulgence. Too much cosseting will speedily take the manhood out of him. His ears may get so filled with "the bleating of sheep" that they will have little affinity for other rougher, stronger sounds; he will become incapacitated for taking the place of a man in the world and doing the best grade of work. The preacher, of course, needs to be praised occasionally lest he sink into discouragement through failure to see any results of his toil, but a continued diet of honeyed words is not wholesome for him, and if they do not make him sick they will be apt to produce that effect on all who are brought much into contact with him.

The minister should be a leader, with a chainless soul and an unshackled mind, not so anxious to read "the signs of the times" and the wishes of the mob, or to echo the gabble of the streets, as to be a moulder of public opinion and the raiser of the standard around which the best may rally. He should not have weak knees, knocking together in fear of what "they say," or a limp backbone, marking him as flabby and flimsy. soft and spongy, liable to topple over with a little push. His spinal column should be gran-

itic. "In I am and on I must" should be one of his mottoes; and another, "servant of all, servile to none." This means no crawling and cringing and fawning, but a proper sense of the majesty of Self. It is not a little thing to be a man dowered with responsibility and destined to eternity. We are not to languish through life in a collapsed and unstrung state, head hanging down like a bulrush. Defiance has as rightful a place as deference. He is less than a man who will not occasionally rise in his might and defy all the forces of earth and hell to move him from his ground. Self-assertion is more needed than self-effacement before one's fellows.

It is not required, either of an ordinary Christian or of a minister of the Gospel, to be a milksop or a mollycoddle, a sneak or a timeserver. He may be gentle and humble to any extent without being colorless, inoffensive, insignificant, chicken-hearted, poor-spirited stick. His meekness should not, under any circumstances, be weakness. The charge of Paul to Timothy and Titus, "Let no man despise thee," has pertinency now. We are not to be pliable where principle is concerned, nor hesitate to give battle for the truth, no matter what the odds. Those grand old Roman qualities—a high sense of honor, a strict regard for truth, inflexible justice, constant temperance, and a courage not to be impeached—were not abrogated by Christianity. Jesus supplemented their deficiencies, corrected their excesses, and enlarged their scope.

Th manliness of Christ leave nothing to be desired. He knew how "to wait in meekness and to walk in power." He was uncompromisingly loyal at all times to the highest ideals. Never in haste, never in fear, without misgiving or distrust, He strode the path appointed Him. He did not resort to adroit maneuvers and indirect methods. He had no part in scheming. He never lowered His standard to maintain His hold upon the populace. He shrunk not from conflict. He bore Himself loftily and with quiet dignity, to the end, overcoming the world with the steadfastness of His faith and the tranquil vigor of His courage. He says to us, whether in the pulpit or the pew, Be real, be brave, be manly, unaffected, open, guileless, do the duty of the hour without faltering, have no fear, be as narrow as truth, as broad as love, be a faithful soldier of the cross, and in due time I will give thee a crown of life.

Malden, Mass.

ON BEING MIDDLE AGED.

My family physician is an optimist. He told me the other day that my right eye was getting stronger than my left. I had thought that it was the left that was getting weaker. He said that such changes, and others, are likely to occur in men and women after they are forty. I had known that I was forty, but I had not been told medically before. I resented the implications.

Yet I decided after a while that middle age ought to be greeted with fortitude and even with acclaim. What is the use of being dragged out of one's youth tenderly but firmly like a child out of a lighted room, clutching wildly at each stair rail that intervenes between the upper dark? Can we not cultivate the Christian resignation to gray hairs? Is he not a brave man who can meet his increasing waist line without a protest?

Still, when was life ever more interesting than it is in middle age? The sultry despairs of youth are over, and

one cherishes more nightly determinations for suicide. There are fewer unhappy days, unhappy over fancied slights, exaggerated personal gaucheries, and interrupted comradeships. We may be less rapturous, but we are more sensible. We join fewer clubs, but we love our firesides better. We do not march any more in processions, but we love to watch them.

We are more patient than we used to be. We are at last willing to postpone, to watch events tarry, even to remain uncertain of the issue. We have learned that most facts are not irreparable. Anxieties do fade, sorrows are lightened, and even sins, the sins of our children, are atoned for. We are at last impregnable personalities. We cannot be stormed and we can outlast a long siege.

The years have brought us real fruitage. It is late summer with us. We have not yet done all that we planned, but we can appreciate better achievements than we could even dream once. There is now a facility and sureness of grasp that make us cheerful craftsmen, and a richness of the inner life that gets increment even from failure. Proverbs that were once tiresome "golden texts" are now beautified experience, and many axioms are the lives of our friends epitomized. The best fruitage of life has been comradeship, not so ecstatic as "durable from the daily dust of life."

But middle age has its dangers. As the body ceases to be athletic, the mind threatens to lose its diligence. There are few reformers who start after forty. We begin to multiply our deserted enthusiasms, and when we outgrow the old eager hobbies we tend to find no substitutes for them. The easy tolerance that we grow to feel toward the multiform fakirs whom we meet in business, philanthropy, and religion is itself a kind of wearied disillusion. We wonder if we also are not playing a part.

We need now more than ever companionship with young people. We should loke our patience to their panting ideals.

Middle age is most unlovely in that it is unwilling to undertake. It is conservative, in religion, politics and affairs. It is afraid of that which is high. "We have done our share. Let the younger men do theirs," is the cowardly whimper that comes from the members of the Old Guard.

Now, the spirit as well as the eyes needs readjustment. Astigmatism is fatal. We cannot build in last year's nests, but life can be something better than an old tree rocking a nest filled with snow. We have not, as Thoreau, said, "lost our subscription to morning time." True, our ideals may be more intelligent, yet no less real. We move from Tennyson on to Browning and from Dickens to Meredith. While yet the murmurs of that sea on which we must embark are unheard and we stand on this pleasant lea, with the autumn leaves first falling about us, let us march valiantly westward with the sun upon our faces.—From the Congregationalist.

THE HURRY HABIT.

An observant foreign once said that the habit of hurry in Americans led them even to label their doors "Push" and "Pull." Annie Payson Call says of this national characteristic in Nerves and Common Sense:

"Many women will get up and dress in the morning as if they had to catch a train, and they will come in to breakfast as if it were a steamer for the other side of the

world that they ehad to get, and no other steamer went for six months. They do not know that they are in a rush and hurry, and they do not find it out until the strain has been on them for so long that they got nervously ill from it—and then they find themselves from that 'rushed, tired feeling.'

"'But,' someone says, 'may I not feel pressed for time when I have more to do than I can possibly put into the time before me?'"

"O, yes, yes—you can feel normally pressed for time; and because of this pressure you can arrange in your mind what best to leave undone, and so relieve the pressure. If one thing seems as important to do as another, you can make up your mind that of course you can only do what you have time for, and the remainder must go. You cannot do what you have time to do so well if you are worrying about what you have no time for. There need be no abnormal sense of rush about it.

"Just as nature tends toward health, nature tends toward rest—toward the right kind of rest; and if you have lost the true kind of resting we can just as surely find it as a sunflower can find the sun. It is something artificial that we are trying to learn; it is something natural and alive, something that belongs to us, and our own best instinct will come to our aid in finding it if we will only first turn our attention toward finding our own best instinct."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could whither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose tenderest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as hea the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
 The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
 The wisdom which is love—till I become
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

An Extract from the Sermon of Rev. Chas. F. Aked, D. D.,
 Sunday Morn., September 10.

Live in the hopes and ideals of youth. This is the time of aspiration, of vision, of daring. Then we mount with wings as eagles. We think, we plan, we dare, we leap to the majesty of infinite things. Oh, for your life, my brother, do not scoff at the radiant visions which our young men see! Weep, rather, and beat your breast, and pray to God to renew a right spirit within you, if you yourself can neither see visions nor dream dreams. But unless you would end your days a petulant, cynical, bitter old man, let no sneering Mephistopheles tempt you to laugh at the glowing hopes which flood a younger, nobler soul. Have we carried society and the nation, have we carried civilization and international life, to such a position of commanding justice and abiding peace, that further progress is unthinkable? If those who are growing up picture in their dreams an ideal commonwealth, and in their speeches seem to suggest that the ideal needs but the work of their hands to become actual, touch the vision lightly, treat it with becoming reverence. Is the religious life of the Churches so pure, so holy, that nothing more Christ-like can be conceived? And if God teaches wisdom by the mouth of babes and sucklings, do you, who are wise and prudent, fear as you would fear the seven deadly sins together, the offense which casts a stumbling block in the way of Christ's little ones. Share, I bid you, share these deathless hopes. Keep your heart young. And mock at threatening Time.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Hayward—Six were received into membership at the September communion, making sixteen so far for the year. The work is progressing nicely under the direction of our pastor, Rev. B. Dent Naylor, who is in the tenth year of his pastorate.

La Jolla—The conclusion of the summer season finds the church in strong condition in all departments. During much of October before the winter crowds from the east arrive, the pastor, Rev. Shelton Bissell, accompanied by Mrs. Bissell, will take their vacation in Sierra Madre. In the interim the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. William N. Burr, of La Canada, one of the church's former pastors.

Oakland, First Church—At the request of the Committee on Approbation to Preach, an extra session of the

Bay Association is hereby called to meet in the First Congregational Church, Oakland, Friday, September 29th, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of ordaining to the Christian ministry—if all things be found in order—Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Collett.

Berkeley, First Church—Edward Adams Jewett died September 20th, 1911, at the home of the Jewett family near Vacaville. He was the only brother of Rev. H. E. Jewett. He was born July 18th, 1838, in St. Johnsbury, Vt., son of Ephraim and Jane Fairbanks Jewett. He was thirty-five years with the Pullman Company, and at the time of his retirement was Assistant General Superintendent of the Chicago Division.

Richmond—Doctor Cull presented his resignation as pastor Sunday, September 17. He wishes to devote a year to uninterrupted study and literary work.

The church has taken no action in the matter as yet. It is to be greatly regretted that the Doctor has taken this step. His work has been eminently satisfactory and that section of the city in which the Richmond church is situated needs just such earnest, faithful preacher and pastor as he.

Oakland, First—At both morning and evening services last Sunday the Rev. Benjamin Bacon, D. D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Yale Divinity School, occupied the pulpit, preaching in the morning on "The Empire of Christ," and in the evening on "The Historic Faith." Dr. Bacon is considered one of the greatest living authorities on Bible Exegesis. In addition to being the regular Earl lecturer of this year, he has given at several places in the State masterly lectures on Archaeology.

Cottonwood, Cal.—The Rev. J. L. Morain preached his farewell sermon here in the First Congregational Church on Sunday evening, August the 29th. At the close of the services one of the members arose and asked the privilege of saying a few words in Mr. Morain's behalf during his three years' stay here as pastor of this church. And he also asked those present that wished to give a vote of thanks to Mr. Morain to rise to their feet, and it is needless to say that almost before the vote was called for every one was on his feet. It was with deepest regret by the whole community that Mr. Morain sees fit to cast his lot away from us.

Lodi—F. M. Washburn resigned the pastorate of the Lodi church last Sunday morning, resignation to take effect December 31, 1911. The Lodi church has an excellent membership of about 250, with a fine body of young people, loyal and true; a Sunday school of good dimensions, adequate equipment, and a splendid corps of officers and teachers; a fine new, up-to-date church building with an auditorium seating capacity of 700 when fully open. The city of Lodi, about 3,000 population, is a growing, prosperous city, in the midst of a prosperous and growing section of the great San Joaquin valley. This church has a splendid opportunity in a promising field for Congregationalism, and it affords an excellent opening for the right man in the pastoral office. Any minister wishing to communicate with this church may address Albert Babel, Church Clerk, Lodi, Calif.

San Francisco, First—Last Sunday evening Dr. Aked commenced his series of sermon lectures. The first already

delivered was "Mark Twain, a Seer of Humanity," and next Sunday evening the second in the course will be delivered, the subject being "Mark Twain's Joan of Arc." The week night service will be held next Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Dr. Aked's lecturettes deal with the questions: "Who Wrote the Bible? When? Why?" The subject for next Wednesday is: "Who Wrote the 'Book of Moses?'" It is a great joy to Dr. Aked to find that these lecturettes are proving attractive. The two already delivered have been in the nature of preliminary study. Friends are very cordially invited to the real beginning of the investigation next Wednesday night. So crowded was the attendance last Wednesday evening that there were not seats for all. It is the intention, if the attendance continues as at present, to use the auditorium.

Two children were baptized last Sunday morning, and the ritual of dedication was indeed the most beautiful that ever the reporter saw. The inspiration of it was of a nature to last.

An adjourned meeting of the Woman's Association will be held next Tuesday afternoon in the ladies' parlor at half past two. Officers will be elected and plans for the winter's work will be further discussed. The ladies of the congregation—all of them—ought to be present. It is important.

Alameda, First.—This church is situated on the corner of Central avenue and Chestnut street and is under the pastoral charge of Rev. Charles Leon Mears. This report will deal only with the Sunday school and is as follows:

Departments—Cradle Roll, in charge of Miss Dickie, for all too young for the Pansy Department. Beginners, in charge of Mrs. M. F. Snow, for little ones from three years old until enter second grade; meets at 11:00 a. m. Objects of lessons: To teach God's Fatherhood and love. Primary, Miss Marie Schott, Superintendent. Meets in assembly hall at 9:50. For children in second and third grades.

The regular school meets at 9:50 in large Sunday School room. The lessons are divided into Junior, Intermediate and Senior grades. Adult Bible class, for all adults, meets in parlors at 10:00 a. m., in charge of the pastor. Home Department provides quarterlies for those unable to attend the school. Teachers' Training Class will be organized later.

The Teaching Force—Rev. C. L. Mears, Mrs. H. F. Whitman, Mrs. L. H. Jacobi, S. A. Ross, Mrs. G. W. Galkins, Leilah Hubbard, Wm. Nicholson, Helen Robrecht, Gertrude Johnston, Mrs. A. G. Powell, Eugene Roland, Mrs. Florence James, Ruey Dexter, Lilian Shepperd, Mrs. F. A. Almstead, Edwin Dewings, Olivia Rudolph, Josephine Norris, Marguerite Burkhard, Isabel Rutherford, Mrs. Taber, Marie Schott, Mrs. M. F. Snow.

Children faithful in attendance are entitled to the "Cross and Crown" pins. Diplomas are given on promotion from one department to another.

We greatly need more teachers. We also desire the co-operation of the pupils in building up the attendance of the school. For the first six months of 1911 we averaged 154, with an enrollment of 256. We can surely do much better this coming year. Will you be come a regular scholar with us?

Calexico, Imperial Valley.—Rev. R. L. Glashy has handed in his resignation as pastor of the churches of Jasper and Verdi, Imperial Valley, to take effect October 1.

This closes the longest period of active service of any minister in any denomination in Imperial Valley. Mr. Glashy during six years of service has organized six Sabbath schools, four young people's societies and four churches. He has welcomed into Congregational fellowship nearly two hundred people. During the last three years he has driven ten thousand miles visiting almost every community south of Brawley in the interests of the Kingdom of Christ. His influence has been widely felt as a messenger of the Gospel of Love, and many a man living in a lonely shack in some out of the way place among the sand dunes has had his conscience quickened and religious memories stirred by the unexpected visit of this minister of Christ. Many a man and woman discouraged by the hardships and privations of pioneer life and forgetful of the mercy and providences of God, have knelt with him in prayer and found again the God whom they thought had forsaken them. It has been Mr. Glashy's joy to seek out the lonely and isolated and speak a word for the Master when his presence was needed most. The time has not been ripe for building of churches and parsonages and those things visible to the human eye, but he has wrought in the lives and characters of men the things which will count for eternity as well as the future of this great valley. He has been a strong factor in the fight for civic righteousness and social purity of Calexico and vicinity. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the men who fought back the waters of the Colorado, so mighty in their destruction. He stood shoulder to shoulder with the citizens in one of the mightiest temperance battles ever fought in California when Imperial county was organized a "dry county." So fierce was the struggle that for several weeks before the final issue the leaders scarcely slept or ate. A prominent state worker said of him: "Rev. R. L. Glashy has done more by his quiet forceful example to make Imperial county dry than any other one man." The pioneer days of the desert are passing, the foundations are laid, others will rear the superstructures and make visible the work now obscure.

Los Angeles, First Church.—August 17 was Dr. Day's first Sunday after his vacation. He gave us a stimulating sermon on the making of character from "A Vacation Parable," based on his experiences while fishing in the high Sierras. In the evening there was a special service on "Religious Education." Addresses were given by the pastor, Prof. Mary C. Cunningham of Occidental College, and Rev. H. S. Tuttle, the director of Religious Education. His address was illustrated by stereopticon pictures of "The Great Teacher." Mr. Tuttle distributed the "Announcement for 1911-12," which he had prepared with much thought and great labor. Up to the third year of the Intermediate department are the graded courses prepared by the International Committee of the S. S. Association. The courses for the third and fourth years, and the six courses for adults are given here for this year for the first time, and offer valuable and fascinating study. Among the new things is the Teacher Training class, which meets every Thursday evening. Two Thursdays are given to child study, led by Prof. Charles W. Waddle, Ph. D., of the State Normal school; the other two Thursdays to Bible study, led by Mr. Tuttle. On fifth Thursdays matters of general school interest will be taken up. There is a mothers' club, and a story teller's club for the last year of the Intermediates and the Seniors. The class studying "From Doubt to Faith" is

for men having difficulties in reconciling their religious beliefs with modern knowledge. "The Apostolic Age" is another rich subject for adults. The Home department has various courses specially prepared for home Bible study and the classes will meet on week days in private homes. The Big Brother movement is intended to inspire homeless boys and boys without a man's influence at home. The class in "The World's Great Religions" meets Sundays at 12:30. During November and February special courses of mission study with stereopticon views will form a part of the opening exercises of the Bible school, separate studies being taken in the different departments. The Senior C. E. Society will give a portion of each meeting to the study of some home missionary problems during October and November. The Y. P. S. C. E. and the Intermediate C. E. will take up courses of Bible study in connection with their meetings. The Junior C. E. will take up catechism as its supplemental work.

SAN DIEGO TO THE FRONT.

For the third time within as many months, San Diego County Congregationalists were summoned to the pleasing task, Sunday, September 17, of participating in the dedication of an edifice of worship and service. The parish which was the recipient of congratulations this time was that at Logan Heights, in the city of San Diego itself. Founded in 1888, it has attempted to meet the religious and social claims made upon it by the community it serves, in a structure totally inadequate to the task in every way. By dint of unwearied labors, unflagging zeal, high faith and the generous assistance of its friends, its members have at last erected a building which is a credit to the section of San Diego where it stands, and fitted to meet the growing needs and future exigencies of Logan Heights.

The sermon of dedication was preached by the Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, Conference Missionary Superintendent. He strongly indicated the futility of any act of dedication performed upon a mere material structure, unless the living souls within it were themselves consecrated anew to their holy tasks. The two-fold responsibility of vision and voice was pressed home—vision of stirring and rewarding tasks in the light of the face of Jesus—voice which shall appraise men of the beauty of holiness and the sanctity of everyday living. If the new church shall create the vision and send forth the voice its period of glory will be prolonged beyond measure.

Rev. Willard B. Thorp of the First Church offered the prayer of dedication; Rev. E. E. P. Abbott read the scripture, and the ritual was antiphonally voiced by the pastor, Rev. Stephen G. Emerson, and the large congregation. A pleasing feature of the service was the eloquent word of fellowship uttered by Rev. Edwin F. Hallenbeck of the First Presbyterian Church on behalf of the City Ministerial Union. Certainly the Logan Heights church enters into its new abode with the impetus of a large community sympathy and good-will.

Financially the venture is on a securer footing than many churches of greater strength. Erected at a total cost of over \$9,500, the present indebtedness amounts to about \$2,500, which is the sum advanced by the Church Building

Society, and, as such, is non-interest bearing and payable in installments. The congregation pledged and gave \$1,000 at the service, and thus greatly heartened the sacrificing officials and earnest members of the church. A new, two-manual organ, the gift of Mrs. G. A. Fisher and Mr. A. S. Bridges, in memory of their mother; and a bell, to be installed in the tower when it arrives from the foundry in the east, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Titus, two of the oldest members, were dedicated together with the building.

The edifice gives the impression pre-eminently of a spirit of practical service. By no means unornate, and presenting many a feature of genuine aesthetic value, the one thought of Christian usefulness has very evidently been uppermost in the minds of its designers. It is light, cheery, spacious and, above all, splendidly ventilated by an abundance of windows and many exits and entrances. The choir loft is large enough for a chorus, and the pulpit platform spacious enough for a large group of speakers. The floor is inclined, fitted with handsome new pews and sunk at the front below the level of the Sunday school room, which opens at one side from the auditorium by disappearing doors. In the latter section of the edifice are individual class rooms, above and below, equipped for the most effective methods of study. The building is finished without, like many of the Southern California churches, in white plaster, and a handsome sign, electric-lighted, calls the attention of the passer-by to the name and purpose of the structure.

At the evening praise service a unique feature was the reading of the program of organization in 1888 from one of the original drafts used twenty-three years ago. Captain Smith, one of the long-time members of the First Church, read this interesting paper. SHELTON BISSELL.

THE MONDAY CLUB.

The Monday Club of Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity met last Monday, September 25th, in the Sunday school room of the First Congregational church, corner of Post and Mason streets, San Francisco. An unusually large number of ministers greeted Dr. Bacon of Yale University, whose lecture was "The Message of the Johannine Writings to Our Times." The learned Doctor insisted on the fact that the lessons which these writings had to tell us were irrespective of when or by whom written or whether one person or several wrote them. In them the Divine Spirit had crystalized certain grand spiritual truths to which it would be wise to give heed as to a light that shineth in a dark place. The book of Mark was a Roman gospel, the first written; the book of Matthew, an Armenian, one afterwards translated into Greek for those who lived in Palestine; the book of Luke, for the Greeks, living in and near Antioch, and the gospel of John for those who lived in or near Ephesus. This last book was written about the year 100 A. D., and represented the Pauline or Spiritual side of Christ's Life and Teachings, while the other three gospels represented the Petrine or Physical side of Christ's Life and Teachings. In John we have an account of how the Divine Logos became flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld His glory as of the only begotten Son of God, full of grace and truth. Dr. Bacon repudiated

the belief of some who hold that the writer created a fictitious life of Christ into which he poured as into a mould spiritual truth and showed why this could not be, a subject too long for these very brief notes. The whole lecture was a treat of the very highest order and stamps the Doctor as a man in the fore-front of Bible criticism.

Next Monday in the same place there is to be a Union Monday Club of all churches around the bay, and the speaker will be Bishop Nichols of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Bishop is always a pleasing, interesting speaker, and always has something valuable to think about, and we hope that the ministers of all Congregational churches around the bay will be on hand to show their interest by their presence.

The Home.

OUR OWN.

Our own are our own forever; God taketh not back His gift;

They may pass beyond our vision, but our souls shall find them out

When the waiting is all accomplished, and the deathly shadows lift,

And glory is given for grieving, and the surety of God for doubt.

We may find the waiting bitter, and count the silence long;

God knoweth we are dust, and He pitieth our pain;
And when faith has grown to fulness, and the silence changed to song,

We shall eat the fruit of patience, and shall hunger not again.

So sorrowing hearts who humbly in darkness and all alone
Sit missing a dear lost presence and the joy of a vanished day,

Be comforted with this message, that our own are forever our own,

And God, who gave the gracious gift, He takes it never away.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE DOMESTIC CRITIC.

An excellent and cultured young woman of my acquaintance became the wife of a young preacher. She was devoted to him and his work, and entered into his life with no other thought than that of helping him to do that work nobly and successfully.

But she criticized everything that he said and did. When they returned from church she told him of all his slips in English, of all the words he had mispronounced, of all the awkward gestures he had used. She did all these things with a firm conviction that she was in this way fulfilling her mission as a preacher's wife.

She did not like to criticize. The spirit of fault-finding was not in her. Yet, grimly, impartially and with inexorable certainty, she told her husband all the un-

pleasant faults about himself, comforting her heart in the disagreeable process with the thought that she was helping to make him a great and useful man.

Her husband undoubtedly shared this opinion. He was extremely proud of his wife's discernment and seldom questioned her judgment. He was sometimes heard to say that he never preached a sermon without thinking of her—which was scarcely to be wondered at—under the circumstances.

But the illness of a relative called his wife to a distant state. For months his sermons went uncriticized, and the remarkable thing was that they seemed to need no criticism. There was seldom a slip in the minister's English, very seldom a word mispronounced. Nor was this the greatest change. There was a freedom, a sweep, a power and directness in his preaching which it had hitherto seemed to lack. The audience grew. The spiritual life of the church deepened. "How our preacher has grown!" said the members of the congregation.

Then his wife came home. "Your husband has been preaching such wonderful sermons!" said one of the members to her a week later. "I am glad to hear it!" the wife answered heartily. "But he has fallen into some dreadful habits. Why, I noticed last Sunday that he actually put his hand into his trouser's pocket! It was high time I should come home!"

One of the most pitiful figures in the world is that of the wife and mother who imagines her relation to her family to be similar to the relation of the appointed critic to a college literary society.

A famous philosopher, trying to establish his theory that a literary man should never marry a literary woman, once said, "Genius never thrives in the atmosphere of negation." He might have said, "Individuality does not thrive in the atmosphere of negation." Constant repression and negation means for any life the loss of a large part of its power for free and natural expression.

I am not saying that a wife should never under any circumstances tell her husband of little faults that are hindering his usefulness. But I am saying that no one, man or woman, will be at his best in an atmosphere of constraint and criticism.

As for criticising your husband, it is a good idea to withhold your criticisms until he asks for them. He will do this if he considers your judgment really valuable—be sure he will!—Ex.

FOOLISH GRIEVANCES.

Just as some people collect pottery, old furniture, or pictures, others make a business of collecting grievances. Have you not seen them—those people who cannot get through a day, or even walk a block—without, seeing or hearing or imagining something that hurts them, or grieves them, or discourages them, or angers them? Someone said something they took as a slur; somebody's nose was turned at an angle they were sure meant a sneer; another failed to recognize them; a friend didn't follow their advice; the manager of something is not running it right; somebody did something without first consulting them.

Such people always have a grievance handy and begin to tell it the minute they get you cornered—or even stopped. The cook has run away, persuaded to leave by an envious neighbor; the clerk comes to the office too late; a rival has been telling lies; the railroad has smashed up the bag-

gape, and so on without end. No matter what the trouble they draw it out into a great tale of woe, and give the impression that they are dreadfully abused and mistreated.

If you could look into the mind of a person of this type I fancy you would find in each corner one of those many-shelved whatnots, and on each shelf a fine sore of grievances which are kept turned over and rubbed up every day.

A grievance collector is not only gathering in new troubles all the time, but cherishes the old ones as well—gets them out every day or two, pinches them to see how sore they are, and then holds them up for everybody to see who will look, much as a small boy does a sore toe.

A certain grouchy old collector of grievances has told me four times in the last two months about a fellow who killed his dog twenty years ago—and he gets fighting mad every time he tells it. And there is a woman who has been recounting for fifteen years how a certain friend slighted her at a party; and she always adds vindictively, "And I've never spoken to her since—she isn't worth noticing, anyway."

Seems strange, doesn't it, that one should so clutter his life with silly grievances, fill his heart with bitterness and occupy his mind with wrongs real or imaginary long passed? The brain is one's workshop. Thought and emotion are the tools, the will is the motive power. Here we must work out the problems of today's work and of future living; here we must consider, judge, resolve; here we must face the truth and grow into its likeness.

Unless this workshop is cleared for action can we concentrate our efforts on the things worth while? If thought is busy with silly slights, small grievances, supposed wrongs, how can it be free and strong for the day's work? If the feelings are embittered by a constant array of sour grudges, what chance is there to win that cordial liking, that feeling of kinship necessary both for success and happiness? And if the will is kept busy sharpening retorts, hammering our boluses and dressing our boomerangs to fling at imaginary enemies, what strength is left to do with might the work the hands find to do?

Out with the rubbish! Let not the sun go down on thy wrath. Most of the insults were never meant, few of the slights ever intended; most of even the real wrongs against us do not appear wrong from the other fellow's viewpoint. And whether the grievances are real or imaginary it is just as hurtful and silly to go on collecting them. Forget them, let them slip from the mind, make little of them, laugh at them—forgive them.

Those who learn to live and work and love, whether the winds blow east or west, whether the sky is fair or stormy, whether the world smiles or frowns, nods or winks, are invincible. A clean, pure heart, a sweet, poised temper, turn grievances into favors—or at worst make of them jokes.

There are many things that it is foolish to collect, but the silliest of all is grievances.—The Interior.

THE "DO-IT-NOW" WOMAN.

The woman who takes as her life motto, "Do it at once," is the woman who is not hounded by an accusing conscience. The modern prayer for forgiveness is chiefly for things we have not done.

The only thing one is sure of is the present; putting off to some more convenient moment is to lay up a reputation of rudeness or slovenliness.

The woman who believes that to apologize is to accuse, will rarely have to back water on her belief if she gets into the do-it-at-once habit.

Do it at once is but another name for the "little drops of water" precept of childhood. The "mighty ocean" of accumulated duties will never swamp you if each wave is breasted as it comes.

Doing it at once is like oiling a dusty pike. It smooths the path of life and smothers complaint and criticism.

Much of the fret and nerve-racking comes from postponing the things that might just as well be cleared off at once. One is worried until they are done, and more worried if they are not done.

The girl who sews the first rip never has to take a day off the mending.

The girl who answers her invitations the minute she gets them never will be mortified by being called up over the telephone to know if she is coming.

The woman who sends her checks as soon as she gets her bills, who returns her obligation calls within a week, who gets off her gifts to a bride the day the cards come, who answers her letters immediately, never has to work the excuse of forgetfulness overtime.—Exchange.

Our Young People

A MISPELLED TAIL.

A little boy said: "Mother, deer,
May eye go out to play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear;
Owe mother, don't say neigh."

"Go forth, my sun," the mother said;
His ant said, "Take ewer slay,
Ewer gneiss new sled awl painted red;
But do not lose your weigh."

"Oh, know!" he cried, and sot the street
With hart sew full of glee.
The weather changed, and snow and sleet
And reign fell fierce and free.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw water pool,
He flue might, and mane.
Said he, "Though eye wood walk bye rule,
Eye may not ride, 'tis plane."

"I'd like to meet some kindly sole,
For here gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole;
Two sloe has bin my gate.

"A peace of bred, a gneiss hot stake,
Eye'd chew if eye were home;
This crewel fair my hart will brake;
I love not thus to Rome.

"I'm week and pail; I've mist my rode,"
But here a cart came passed.
He and his sled were safely toad
Back to his home at last.

—Houston Post.

LEGEND OF THE APRIL LILY.

"I am tired of this lonely place," sighed an April lily which grew in a shady nook in Pine Hollow.

"Why, I am perfectly contented here," said a king's crown. We have so many friends around us, and the sun shines in just enough to make it pleasant."

"No one cares whether we live or die," complained the lily, full of her own thoughts. "Only the other day a horse ran by and almost stepped on me as it passed; some neighboring ferns were crushed entirely. I have always longed to see the world, but suppose I shall fade and die right here."

Spring Beauty shook her head and said, "I do not believe I could be happy anywhere else; even if we fade and die here, we enrich the ground for other flowers to grow and bloom, so we have not lived in vain."

A few days later a lady and a little girl could be seen coming together through the woods. They seemed warm and weary and sat down on the grass near the lily.

"Is not this a lovely place to rest?" asked the lady. "It is quite a long walk from the station, and the sun is very warm."

The child looked up eagerly. "When we rest awhile, mamma, cannot we walk down the hollow and pick flowers? Then we can take up the plants as we come back."

"That would be a good plan," answered the lady, "for then they will not be wilted when we start home."

They were gone down the hollow an hour or more, but finally returned with a bouquet of bright blossoms and a basket filled with roots of ferns and flowers, and again sat down on the grass to rest and to sort over the plants.

"How did we miss this lovely April lily?" said the lady. "See how pink the petals are! One rarely sees such a beautiful specimen, and I must have it." So, carefully lifting the bulb from the soil, she put it in her basket.

"At last I am to see the world!" exclaimed the lily, as she found herself in the car and saw strange buildings and automobiles and people go flying by. "I feel that I shall be happy with my new friends; they have such bright, pleasant faces."

"What a nice afternoon we have had, mamma," said the child as they reached home. "After supper we must set out our new plants."

And thus it came about that the April lily was transplanted with some of her friends from Pine Hollow, to the wild flower garden in a shady corner of the lady's garden.

Every spring as the wild ferns and flowers send up their tender green shoots to the delight of the child and her mother, the April lily smiles and is glad she can do her part to make her friends happy.

THE FOUR PLANTS.

An old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground and the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full sized tree. The tutor said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both

arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, hardly shook its leaves.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits. When they are young we can cast them out readily, but only divine power can uproot them when they are old."—Young People's Paper.

A PRINCE'S WISH.

Rich and powerful boys, as well as rich and powerful men, often yearn for the freedom which belongs to those with less dignity to sustain, and sigh for the pleasures of the common people. This is well illustrated by an anecdote of the son of Queen Hortense of Holland, which was told by Madame Ducrest.

On one occasion the boy was seated near the window in the palace looking toward the park and appeared to view with indifference the many presents which were spread before him. His looks were constantly directed toward the grand avenue in front of the palace.

Feeling impatient at his appearing less delighted than she expected, the queen asked him if he were not grateful for his grandmother's attention in procuring for him every toy he could wish.

"Indeed, I am, mamma," the boy replied. "But I am not surprised at her kindness; she is always so good to me that I am accustomed to it."

"Do you find no enjoyment in those pretty toys?"

"Indeed I do, mamma. But—"

"What, then?"

"I am very anxious for something else."

"Mention it, my son. Depend upon my giving it to you."

"Oh, mamma, you will refuse me!"

"Is it money for the poor?"

"Papa gave me some this morning. It is already distributed. What I want is—"

"Tell me, my dearest child. You know how I love you. Rest assured that I want to begin the year by giving you whatever you most wish."

"My dear mamma, I want you to allow me to walk in that heap of mud at the end of the avenue. That will amuse me more than anything else!"

POCKETS.

Little Lucy Locket

She hadn't any pocket—

No place to carry anything at all;

While Lucy's brother Benny

He had so very many

In which to put his marbles, top, or ball,

That when he's in a hurry

'Tis sometimes quite a worry

To find the one he wants among them all.

Now, why should Lucy Locket

Not have a little pocket—

A handy little pocket in her dress?

And why should brother Benny,

Who doesn't need so many,

Be favored with a dozen, more or less?

The reason, if you know it,

Be kind enough to show it,

It really is a puzzle, I confess!

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